



VICTIMS OF THE VOLCANO.

By the Famous Russian Novelist, D. L. Mordovtseff.

SYNOPSIS OF PASCEDING CHAPTERS.

ratilla, daughter of Zeno, the Greek scuiptor, is sold as a lin Fourpeli, whither her father had some time before a sent into slavery. She is bought by Malvia, daughter of Fich Dromed. Dlomed has two sons, Quint and Curfus, who is secretly embraced Christianity, Quint loves Cratilla. Zeno escaped and is hidden by his fellow-Christians. The sons of its datend a secret meeting of the Christians. Symblegs and earthquakes prove that Mount Vesuvius is case. Pausa, the chief magistrate of Pompeli, promises that the Christians shall be captured and thrown to the lions on forthcoming feast day. Quint and Cratilla avow their tital love. Quint promises to restore her to her father. A two staned Sinistra hates Cratilla and swears to harm her, it a meeting of the Christians. Zeno and Cratilla are restored each other. The solders attack the Christians. A centurion test Cratilla. Quint stabs him. Zeno is charged with the ricer. Quint offers to confess to save Cratilla's father. This girl will not allow. Malvia finds the lovers conversing.

CHAPTER X. Self-Sacrifice.

T about 7 o'clock in the evening of the same day the heavy door of the casemate where Zeno was awafting his fate turned on its rusty hinges

and the edile Pausa appeared on the threshold.
"Would you like to save that model of yours from the clutches of the lions?" he asked after a long pause, "Who would not like to save the life of an innocent

person, a guiltless child?" asked the prisoner.
"Tell me then, who is the murderer?"

"I do not know," was the reply.
"In that case she must die," exclaimed the edile, in a dull voice.

"Who is she?" asked the prisoner, terror-stricken. "Your daughter Cratilla!" "Oh, omnipotent God, save her!"

The edile opened the door and cried, "Bring in the

About a minute later Cratilla stood on the threshold

mained standing motionless.

"My child! My flesh and blood!" ejaculated the prisoner, bursting into sobs. "You are here, too!" He rushed to her and embraced her with passionate tenderness. The girl pressed close to his bosom, muttering: "Oh, father, father!" Pausa looked on at this scene and the muscles of his

face began to quiver. But he conquered his momentary weakness so anxious was he to please the citizens of Pompeli by finding some victim for his terrible Confess that you killed the centurion, and then

your daughter will be saved," said he, advancing toward the unfortunate captives The prisoner looked at his daughter, an expression

of stern resolution on his face.
"Yes, I killed him!" he said in firm voice. Cratina threw herself upon his neck with a cry of

"It is not true! It is not true! I killed the centur-

Pausa stepped back in astonishment. "When he caught me by the hair I stabbed him with sword," continued Cratilla quickly, as though fearing ceased to be Romans!" uttered Diomed bitterly.

Her father and the edile were equally dumfounded. "They say: 'We are not Romans; we are not the

That little girl a murderer! But her father came to "No. The poor girl simply wants to save me." he said, moved by his daughter's heroism and love for

him. but because I want to tell the truth! I killed the cen turion!" she repeated firmly, facing the edile.

"It is not true! It is not true!" Zeno repeated emo tionally. "I killed the centurion! She's innocent." At this time the heavy door of the cell opened and the keeper appeared on the threshold. "What do you want?" asked the edile with sur

"The murderer of the centurion, noble edile," re plied the keeper.

"Who? Where?" "Here, noble edile; he wishes to be admitted here. Pausa looked now at the keeper, who stood like a statue; now at Zeno, now at Cratilla, who suddenfy turned pale.

Bring him in." said the edile, at length. Presently the door opened again, and Quint, the

The edile stepped back, seized with superstitiou terror. The world, it seemed to him, was turning upside down. Here stood three murderers of the cen

It is impossible to render in words the glance which Quint and Cratilla exchanged. Emotion, boundless love, tenderness, prayer and profound despair—alt

these were mirrored in their countenances. "Ah!" said the edile, at length. ' 1 .. e son of Arrius

"Yes! I am the murderer of the centurion! Here of the cell. She was about to rush toward her father is the sword with which I stabbed him," said Quint, and embrace him, but she controlled herself and remained standing motionless.

thanding his sword to Pansa. "They," he pointed at Zeno and Cratilla, "tney are innocent."

CHAPTER XI. Justice Versus Mercy.

HE news of the murder of the centurion and the consequences reached Plinius, the head of the Roman naval power, and he resolved to go to Pompeli to investigate the matter. His cousin young Plinius, who was anxious to know more about his friends, the Diomeds, accompanied him. When they reached the beautiful mansion of Diomed they were shown through the beautiful garden, past the magnificent statue of Minerva.

"I have learned of your misfortune, good Arrius," said Plinius, "and I have come to you to talk it over

-perhaps we can help it yet." "It's in vain! Just think of it-Oh, great gods!-both of my sons persist in one voice: 'I killed the centu-rion!' says Quint. 'I killed him!' says Kurtsius."

"All this is not so bad, good Arrius. Aside from ion!" she cried hoarsely, eying the edile. "I stabbed the Senate there is Caesar. And the divine Titus is merciful," Plinius attempted to calm him. "He is merciful to Romans only; but they have

"What do you mean?" wondered Plinius.

slaves of Caesar! We are the servants of God, who younger bid Diomed farewell and left his mansion.

Pilinius after a minute's siènce. "Fill talk the matter principle and the sead of the season of the day! I'll ask him to defend your sons in the Senate. streams of fire Moquence is a great power!"
"Oh, eternal gods! I lost all hope of saving them!"

exclaimed Diomed, bitterly. "By the way, another grave suspicion hangs over their heads."

s in heaven!"

Pliny glanced at the sea before them and it seemed which were fastened around his straight body. Be"At- any rate, friend Arrius, do not despair," said that the islands which rose so calmly above the mysside him walked two warriors. His face was sternly to rush into the clutches of the lions. Examine the

CHAPTER XII. The Trial.

THE day of the trial was fixed at last. "What is that?" asked Plinius.
"Soon after the funeral of the centurion some one Justice. They ascended the stairway, and entering hrew the divine Augustus from his pedestal and sac- the temple proper, stopped short before the image of

ZENO AWAITS HIS FATE.



PRESENTLY THE DOOR OPENED AGAIN AND QUINT, THE OLDER SON OF DIOMED, ENTERED.

rilegiously shattered him to pieces." "Really? I have heard nothing about this. Well, the building. who is suspected?"

"Those same incomprehensible people "And what did your sons say about it?"

even the mutilation of works of art the act of sav-"Oh, the spirit of the Romans speaks in them!" exclaimed the learned Roman with pride. "I respect

the goddess of righteousness. All, was hushed within

"They say that though they don't consider Caesar ing. For the trial was an unusual one—people who is a god, they nevertheless think the destruction or ven the mutilation of works of art the act of saywanted to see these people, among whom were the ing. For the trial was an unusual one—people who disregarded the gods figured in it. And then the stored life to the dead. His kindness of heart was one was divine, superhuman. He cured invalids. He rethat I shall soon see Him, whose hard rested once was divine, superhuman. He cured invalids. He rename of Diomed aroused a deep interest. Everybody inexhaustible. His mercy knew no bounds. He wanted to see these people, among whom were the preached love to man, to humanity. In the fruths He distinct exclamations reached their cars. As the two sons of Diomed, the young, handsome athletes.

oned in the centre of the room.

hains rang out through the court-room, as though for others-is this a crime?" awakened from a sleep, and his eyes fell on his elder on, then on the younger. His lips began to quiver. His sons did not look at him. Their eyes were turned oward the marble statue of Justice, Pomponianus said a few words to old Diomed and then directed his steps to 'he prisoners. He said something to Quint, who simply nodded his head in silence. Then Pomconianus walked up to Cratilla and said a few words to her. But she glanced at her father and at Quint and smiled sadly, and, like Quint, bowed her gordenaired little head.

Pomponianus walked away. Then the Minister of fustice said in a dull voice:

'Quint and Kurtsius, sons of Mareus Arrius Diomed, nd Sculptor Zeno, of Memphis, and Cratilla, Zeno s laughter! The laws of Rome and of all the world ity of Pompeii. And all of you, including the sheperd Cardo, are charged with being illegally co sected with a secret sect which repudiates the sacred mages of our gods and Caesars, and does not recogize the authorities that maintain the law. For this he Court of Justice condemns you to die in the arena of the amphitheatre, in the clutches of wild Murmurs of horror, mingled with satisfaction,

leard throughout the room. Old Diomed buried his t ace in his hands. Malvia was sobbing. Kurtsius was about to rush toward his father, but feeling that ne was chained, he lowered his head helplessly. Cratilla also wanted to embrace her father, but the ron cuffs hindered her from doing it.

"Honorable Senators! I should like to say a few words!" rang out the clear voice of Pomponianus.
"You may speak, worthy Pomponianus," replied the Justice-in-Chief, leaning his gray head forward.

Death!

of the case, showing plainly that the evidence at these people had no foundation to lean upon. He told them how each of the four prisoners came He told them how each of the four prisoners came forth to confess and thus sacrifice his or her own like for the sales of the others.

for the sake of the others.
"What is it then?" he cried in a powerful voice. Is it madness? What was it that induced all these who was sitting on the ground. the building.

The court was crowded to its utmost capacity. It seemed that all Pompeii turned out to be present at the trial which promised to be so interestexpounded there is an ocean of divine wisdom. He shows in Pompeli usually began at an early hour-"They are coming! They are coming!" whispered the people in the back rows. The clanging of chains of all mankind, to die for others, for everybody, to became audible. Quint Diomed was walking up the redeem everybody. Then there were wicked people (To Be Continued.) A few minutes later Pliny the elder and Pliny the became audible. Quint Diomed was walking up the redeem everybody. Then there were wicked people

who envied His fame and His power which spread as rapidly, and the Roman Viceroy Phate condemned it o death. And He died on the cross. But His doctrines did not die with Him on the cross. His pupils carried away His teachings to the whole world. His doctrine is to suffer and die for others. Honorable citizens! What can be nobler, higher, more divine than this clus Scaevola, who went to dle for others, for all Rome? Do you remember that other hero, Curtius? To save Rome he plunged into the opening of the granite stairs. His hands were fettered in chains, carth and was swallowed forever! Honorable citizens! sight of her childish face the throng heaved a muf- Quint-for all. They are accused of being followers of fled sigh. She was followed by the short-sized, dark-haired Cardo and his sister, the beautiful Cardita, willing to die for the sake of the others. Such is their who was crying bitterly. The prisoners were sta- crime. But they have not forsaken the faith of their father-our faith. They are not yet baptized. They Diomed lifted his head when the sounds of the are all ours yet-our children, our brethren. To die

"Let them die!" cried some one in a duli voice. 'It'll be liveller for us to fight in the arena!" It was the voice of Giadiator Barca. Several, voices rom the throng echoed his cry: "Let them die!"

"Death to them! Death! cried the enraged crowd, "Into the Arena! . . We have seen no shows for long time! At this time a certain old man was making his way

through the crowd. In his hands he held a long staff with a cross for its head. He briskly advanced to the tatue of Themis.

"Here are your gods!" he exclaimed, striking the reast of the goddess with his staff. The statue of Themis suddenly shook on its pedestal and fell to the ground, breaking to pieces.

Dread fell on the throng. The old man who threw one statue of Themis off its pedestal was Avenir, the same man upon whose head the hand of the Saviour had rested some time ago.

CHAPTER XIV. Signs of Portent.

- HE day of the long-awaited festival of Vulcau came at last. The morning seemed to wrestle with the mist which hung over the sea and wrapped Vestivius to its very peak.

But presently the first rays of the sun pierced the heavy curtain, and the mist, as though frightened, began to melt away. The peak of Vesuvius tumined with a smile-s bright, soothing, stlent smileand the verdure of the vines caressed the eye with its

But something queer was felt in the air.

At this time Quint was awakened from his sound sleep by the rearing of the lions. To-day the lions were unusually restless. For two days they had not been fed, that they should become more furious. Quint recalled that he was to serve them as food. He looked around. His cell-mate, old Avenir, was OMPONIANUS stepped forward. In terms that on his knees before the wall on which was the draw-no one could mistake he laid bare the details ing of a man on a cross, and prayed. That was the touching drawing made by Zeno.

When Avenir heard that the young man arose no shake. The old man laid his hand on the head of Quint,

SOME FAVORITE SONGS OF HOME, CAMP AND FIELD.

SONGS OF WARTIME AND PRACEFUL LYRIOS.

Out of the civil war grew many AN AFTERNOON GOWN OF ORGANDIE songs of camp and field veterans now sing with enthusiasm, as Walter Kittredge's "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground" and Henry Clay Work's "Marching Through Georgia."

George F. Root's "Battle Cry of Freehas entered not only into our literature of song, but into our national history. It was carried southward by a Chicago glee club just after the battle of Stone River, when profound discouragement had seized upon the Union Army and when the wisdom of the emancipation proclamation was ily questioned. The effect new song upon officers and men was the records aver, "little short of mirac-ulous." Thenceforward every camp ulous." echoed, day and night, to the hopeful determined words:

Rally 'round the flag, boys, rally once again, Shouting the battle cry of freedom. Charles Hall's song, at once lugu-brious and triumphant, "John Brown's Body." was sung through the war with extraordinary fervor. Mr. Randall's "Maryland, My Maryland," had its faithful admirers. Mrs. Beer's "All's Quiet Along the Potomac" is not wholly forgotten. The roll of Mrs. Howe's "Battle Hymn of the Republic" goes on through these times of peace and Mr. Finck's lyric, "The Blue and the Gray," will be chanted probably as long as the sad price of reconciliation

is commemorated. Plantation melodies form a pictur-esque branch of American music. Stephen Foster's ballads. "Suwanee River and "My Old Kentucky Home," have plaintive richness that captures and holds the heart; "Massa's in the Cold, "Wake, Nicodemus, "Wait for the Wagon" and their con ficres have the stamp of poaulpresteem. But in all these compositions

KING AND BEGGAR.

An amusing story of King Christian and an enterprising beggar is going the rounds in Copenhagen. The King takes hab (ually an early morning walk, ac companied by Prince Waldemar and his favorite dog, says the London Express Recently, during one of these walks a tagged man, with all the typica cringing of a beggar, approached him.

"Well," said the King, "what is it?"
"Dare I ask Your Majesty for your portrait as a memento?" said the beg gar, humbly Naturally the King was both sur-prised and pleased at this declaration

loyalty, but regretted that he did not carry his portraits about with him "Pardon me, Your Majesty," retorted the tramp, silly, "if you will look in your purse you will probably find one!" The King, amused at this novel way of asking for aims, gave the man two erowns, but the police, to whom such smartness does not commend itself, have duly "marked" the man.

ASTONISHING.

This unsolicited testimonial is pub-lished by a Weish firm of jewellers: "Dear Sir-I write to inform you that my new watch, the eleventh I have had from you, is going splendidly, although a bought it nearly a year ago."

This beautiful afternoon gown is of white organdle over a slip of orange yellow

is built with tucks and silk insertion ornamented with Battenburg rings. The lounces are put on in a new way and trimmed with two bands of bias taffeta. The stock is made of two kinds of lace over featherbone on muslin.

The corsage is built entirely of fine tucks and insertion. The sleeves are the

proved much of their slum property, and being naturally desirous to keep it

in good condition, hit upon the plan of offering prizes to tenants who behave

latest mandolin shape, with insertions of the lace caught with a fancy stitch

TENANT PRIZES FOR POOR PEOPLE.

There are hundreds, nay, thousands, themselves well and pay their rent of people in this and other cities who promptly. All tenants who fulfil these

have no possible way of spending a conditions are allowed in summer to live little vacation outside the city during rent free for a fortnight, so that if the:

the heat of the summer months unless take a holiday they need not pay two they take advantage of the free all-day rents. The plan has worked well so

made with a circular flounce twelve inches deep faced with

A GOOD SUMMER IDEA.

there is more or less of idealization. go to the remote plantation, the cane-says the Chicago News:

For the genuine outpouring of the Af-ric-American heart in melody one must travel, one will hear a turbaned relic of the old regime crooning from a tumbledown cabin door some such refrain

the Greeks for the same reason."

An' here I sit waitin' an' watchin', For de good times comin' no mo'; An' I hear old miss' a-calliu' mammy

Across from the oder shor'.

But such voices are fast falling into Like plantation melodies, jubilee songs are Caucasian conceptions masquerading under absurd phraseology, hypnotic swaving and infectious tunes. stanza will sufficiently illustrate this form of musical artlessness:

Ole Noah once he built de ark, Dar's one more ribber for to cross-He pitched it up with hickory bark,

Dar's one more ribber for to cross As Americans we may not boast o our ever-growing fund of street dittle college extravaganzas and raging bal lads, but we may claim that our young iterature is reasonably rich in lyrics Wqodworth's "Old Oaken Bucket" and Morris's "Woodman, Spare That Tree" are simple in art and close to nature; Poe's "Annabel Lee" needs no musical setting, so exquisite is its onomatopoetic grace; lyrical beauty abounds in Philip Pendleton Cooke's lament, "Florence Vane; "Ben Bolt" has had in recent years a half-scornful, half-admiring presentation to all known continents, and, in conclusion, let it be said, to an American, John Howard Payne, is to be accredited the great hearthsong of civilization, the song to which all lyrics of battle and of empire must yield—"Home, Sweet Home." Woodworth's "Old Oaken Bucket" and

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